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THE
BIRTH AND TRIUMPH
OF
L O V E.



ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.

THE
BIRTH AND TRIUMPH
OF
L O V E.
A
P O E M.

BY SIR JAMES BLAND BURGESS, BART.

L O N D O N :

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M D C C X C V I.

TO

THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

WITH the most lively gratitude

I avail myself of Your Majesty's gracious condescension, and exult in the permission of dedicating this work to Your Majesty, whose whole conduct has

A evinced

evinced to the world the best Triumph of Virtuous Love, the most pure and perfect Model of Conjugal Affection.

Permit me, Madam, on this occasion, to join my voice to that of a grateful people, who must ever look up with reverence and affection to Your Majesty, whose Virtues and Attachment have crowned the happiness of our beloved Monarch. While we feel the blessings of His beneficent Reign, we unite in a sincere and fervent Prayer, that your Majesties may long, very long, continue to enjoy the greatest felicity

which

which Royalty can bestow---the Conscioufness of having by Your Examples promoted the Cause of Virtue.

I have the honour to be with the most profound respect,

M A D A M,

Your Majesty's

most obliged,

most faithful and

most devoted Servant,

JAMES BLAND BURGESS.

THE Plan of this Work is taken from a Series of Plates, entitled “ The Birth and Triumph of Cupid,” and published by Mr. Tomkins, Historical Engraver to Her Majesty. The superior merit of that performance is sufficiently known and acknowledged. Nothing can surpass the Delicacy of the Idea on which it is founded, or the Elegance of the Manner in which it is executed. Whatever therefore of imperfection may be found in the present work must be attributed solely to him, who has ventured upon a task so arduous as that of presuming to illustrate such a Model. The Writer of it however trusts, that its Tendency will apologize for any errors which may be found in it; and, in that confidence, he submits it with deference to the judgement of the Public.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE PUBLISHER.

IT was very much the Publisher's wish, that the Engravings on which this Work is founded should have accompanied the whole of the present impression; as they would mutually have illustrated each other, and as consequently the value of this publication would have been greatly enhanced. But, as it would thus have been rendered far too expensive for general circulation, he is induced to hope, that those persons, who may be inclined to bind up the Plates with this Work, will apply for them, either to himself, or to Mr. Tomkins, Engraver to Her Majesty, in New Bond Street, who has prepared a number of fine impressions of a proper size for that purpose.

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THE
BIRTH AND TRIUMPH
OF
LOVE.

CANTO I.

I.

OF Love I sing---not of that treacherous Boy
To whom the impure Venus erst gave birth,
Whose venom'd shafts empoison mortal joy,
Confounding Honour, Virtue, Rank and Worth;
Whose midnight orgies stamp on lawless mirth
The forged image of celestial pleasure,
Drawing from heaven the soul of man to earth,
With foul alloy debasing purest treasure---
That Boy, and that Boy's deeds shall not pollute my measure!

B

But

II.

But Thee I fing, thou firft great work of Heaven !
Pure Emanation of th' Eternal Mind !
Who, ere an impulfe to our orb was given,
To guide th' unerring fabric waft defigned.
Thee in each age and every clime we find,
From Zembla's froft to Afric's burning zone,
With Nature's laws and Nature's works combined ;
Thy power in all created things is fhewn,
And in the virtuous heart is fixed thy lafting throne.

III.

I afk no Mufe's aid thy deeds to fing,
Nor court in idle ftain the tuneful Nine :
He little needs the Heliconian Spring,
Who owns the influence of Thy power divine.
Oh with thy facred touch my heart refine !
Oh warm my foul with thy celestial ray !
Let Judgement, Fancy, Truth and Wit combine,
To tune my lyre and modulate my lay,
And grace the Tribute which to Virtuous Love I pay.

What

IV.

What mortal eye can view the stretch of Space?
What mortal thought Eternity can span?
God's boundless works no human power can trace,
Nor may th' Almighty's acts be judged by Man.
Beyond our feeble reach is Heaven's great plan :
Still more beyond it is th' Essential Cause,
Who lived ere yet or Time or Space began,
Whose power and wisdom know no bounds nor pause,
But whose Eternal will presides o'er Nature's laws.

V.

For Man such contemplations are not made :
To bless th' Effect is all His powers can claim.
If, when he views th' Almighty's hand displayed,
His labouring breast beats high with grateful flame,
If he adores his Maker's sacred name,
And bows in humble adoration low,
Confessing whence such mighty blessings came;
And if his Deeds his mind's conviction shew---
Then has Man surely learned the utmost Man can know.

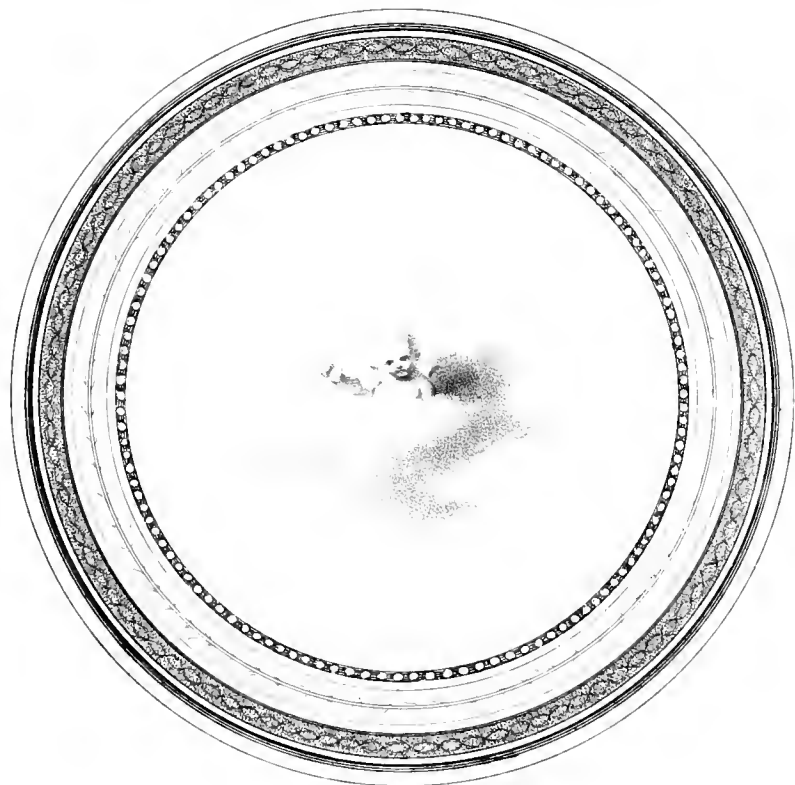
VI.

And shall we not the great Effect declare ?
And shall we not th' Eternal's goodness sing ?
Arise, my Soul! the grateful Song prepare,
The heart's triumphant homage gladly bring.
From Empyrean Heaven on Seraph's wing
Let Angels waft to nature's verge the sound ;
O'er Night's dark empire and Day's gladfome spring
Let the full choir proclaim to worlds around
“ Creation's first great work the Birth of Love has crowned.”

VII.

Thrice hail the happy moment, when on high
The fovereign voice pronounced the blest decree :
Shouts of angelic triumph rent the sky,
And loud proclaimed th' approaching mystery ;
The hosts of heaven transported bent the knee.
And silent waited the eventful hour,
When from th' eternal Fiat they should see
Thro' boundless space a new creation tower,
And unknown worlds submit to Love's directing power.

Wondering



VIII.

Wondering they saw a distant Vapour rise
Thro' the clear regions of immortal day ;
They viewed it mounting to the midway skies,
And thick condensing hold it's destined way :
Till, felt the influence of the plastic ray,
Strait was it's size enlarged, more bright its hue ;
All Nature smiled, the face of Heaven was gay,
When off to air dissolved the vapour flew,
And the young Cherub Love stood first confessed to view.

IX.

Ah ! who can tell the charms of Infant Love !
His mild transporting beauties who can speak !
The Lilly's white, the softness of the Dove,
The Rose's blush compared, are poor and weak.
Immortal traits to sing the Bard should seek
Immortal aid ; Love's hand alone can trace
Love's charms : the Front serene, the dimpled Cheek,
The soul-expressive Eye, the jocund Face,
And every Limb impressed with elegance and grace.
Awhile,

X.

Awhile, as if entranced, he gazed around:
He moved, and Heaven with unknown radiance gleamed;
He spoke, and listening Angels hailed the found;
He smiled, and universal Nature beamed.
By Infant Love subdued Creation seemed:
And Time transported all his power confessed;
Of present joys and future bliss he dreamed,
Of constant hearts with lasting union blessed;
Then fondly clasped the Cherub to his glowing breast.

XI.

As, when from parent fountain first discharged,
The silver Thames pursues his new-born course,
His narrow pebbly bed with rushes marged
Scarcely feels the influence of his humid source;
He, as he onward rolls, acquires new force,
His ample current proud thro' meads to guide,
And 'twixt his banks to keep a wide divorce;
While Britain's sons to his expanse confide
Britannia's bulwarks and her merchants' pride.

Thus



XII.

Thus feeble were at first the powers of Love.
His soft round limbs had yet to learn their use:
If latent vigour prompted him to move,
He felt his infant legs their aid refuse.
But falls on æther could not much misuse
Ætherial substance: quickly stronger grown,
No more his weak attempts his hopes abuse;
With native grace his playful tricks are shewn,
He tries---he steps---he shouts to find he goes alone.

XIII.

Pure silvery curls his polished forehead deck,
Skirt his encrimsoned cheeks with modest grace,
And hang enamoured o'er his ivory neck:
The smile of extacy illumines his face;
His looks, his steps, proclaim his heavenly race;
While the bright lustre of his liquid eye
Infidious tempts the fond regard to trace
The thousand charms which there in ambush lie---
To catch one blissful glance, then pine, perhaps, and die.
But

XIV.

But his free spirit no such perils feared;
Gaily he tript, around diffusing joy:
Where e'er he turned, the face of heaven was cheered,
And sportive Cherubs flocked to join the Boy.
He taught the day in fresh delights t' employ:
Now, to outstrip fleet Time he'd shew his powers;
And then, with playful wantonness, decoy
Thro' many an artful maze the rosy Hours,
To weave with him the dance beneath celestial bowers.

XV.

Such were the pastimes of his earlier days.
Such pastimes well his earlier days became:
For still the Soul the Body's growth obeys;
Still to innocuous mirth Youth lays a claim.
Then seek not Youth to Age's laws to tame!
Spring's genial warmth may cause the sap to flow,
And Summer's fun the well-formed maids may frame;
But 'tis for Autumn ripened fruits to shew.
The course of nature still is regular and flow.

When

XVI.

When heedless Infancy to Youth gave way,
His Mind expanded as his Body grew.
To sportive gambol and discursive play
No more with eager appetite he flew:
They wore no longer novelty's fresh hue;
The airy phantoms of the hour were flown.
To taste the evening's calm or morning's dew,
Far from his festive bands he'd stray alone,
And sigh he knew not why for blisses yet unknown.

XVII.

Oft, when his labouring bosom panted high,
The tear of transport would his eye suffuse;
Half-fashioned forms would o'er his fancy fly,
And joys uncertain his fond soul confuse.
Nor did he soon the strong impression lose.
Half pleased, half wondering, would the anxious boy
On the gay scenes around him pensive muse:
But ah! no more they filled his breast with joy;
He nothing saw which might his rising powers employ.

C

Oft,

XVIII.

Oft, as reflecting on th' eventful change,
And wondering still from whence it might arise,
His active mind o'er nature's works would range
With tasteless apathy and mute surprize.
In vain to fix his wandering soul he tries;
In vain he listens to the tuneful choir,
Or marks th' harmonious system of the skies:
To more congenial bliss his thoughts aspire,
Where consensual souls unite with fond desire.

XIX.

Ah! how sublime the Power that rules the will
In strong obedience to His high behest,
Who nature leads His dictates to fulfil,
And stamps His precepts on the conscious breast!
Who leads the Eagle to his craggy nest,
And guides the Sea-Fowl thro' its trackless flight
Secure in tempests and 'midst horrors blest!
By whom instructed prowls the Bird of Night,
And taught by whom the Lark salutes returning light!

Nor

XX.

Nor less did Love His genial guidance know.
 His opening soul received th' inspiring ray,
 Felt the new animating transport flow,
 And learned th' instinctive impulse to obey:
 He panted to assert his destined sway,
 And o'er wide space his influence to impart.
 Proceed we now to sing his great essay,
 When led by power divine his matchless art
 Sought, won, and triumphed o'er the Human Heart.

XXI.

The great Creator, who the Impulse plants,
 The Means of it's direction ne'er denies :
 Our Powers he well proportions to our wants,
 And to fulfil his purpose Force supplies.
 Then let us bow to Him, all good, all wise,
 Who taught young Love to guide his wishes weak,
 And gave the Arms by which he gained his prize:
 Nor deem the Song too bold, which dares to seek
 In humble verse such awful mysteries to speak.

XXII.

As thro' the azure fields of heaven's domain
He bent his course, deep musing as he frayed,
His teeming bosom filled with anxious pain
How the strong impulse might be best obeyed,
Two unknown Forms before him were displayed,
Smooth gliding thro' the bright expanse of sky,
In all the rainbow's gorgeous tints arrayed:
Suspended for a while, and poised on high,
By slow degrees they sink, till at his feet they lie.

XXIII.

The one a strange fantastic shape appeared,
Which from its centre inward seemed to bend,
The while, as if too close a touch it feared,
It backward strove to turn at either end,
Unheeding of what thence was seen t'append
In guise of Cord, which playing loosely waved
In the cool gales that thro' heaven's courts ascend:
On either side, and all around, engraved
Were seen mysterious symbols of free hearts enslaved.

Th'



XXIV.

Th' attendant Form, which by the other lay,
Seem'd still more strange in all it's properties.
It's taper length, fraight as a solar ray,
Was shap'd at either end in different wife:
At one, with plumes arrayed of lust'rous dies,
And tints as various as the morning dew
Ere into vapour drawn it mounting flies;
While th' other, tipped with ore of burnished hue,
From barbed base to point acutely lessening drew.

XXV.

Love saw them fall, and stood in mute amaze,
Uncertain what they were, or whence arose
The stranger Forms: nor did he tire to gaze;
For now his heart the Secret 'gan disclose,
And trace the cause of all his former throes:
He hoped that Fate would now propitious grow,
Nor more the object of his birth oppose.
Swiftly he caught them up, resolv'd to shew
How Love could well employ his Arrow and his Bow.

He

XXVI.

He twanged the Cord, the pliant Bow he bent,
And poised the Arrow in his ready hand;
As if employed on some sublime intent
His new-found Arms with earnestness he scanned,
Yet wanted skill their uses to command.
Now, as to conquest would he proudly go;
Now, stopping short, in mute suspense would stand:
Unconscious yet of Object or of Foe,
Still his uncertain steps his mind's disquiet shew.

XXVII.

As the tall Ship, 'though framed with wond'rous art
O'er ocean's deep abyss sublime to glide,
Ne'er can in safety from it's port depart,
Or o'er the foaming waves majestic ride,
Until the Pilot's skill it's motions guide:
So, tho' to action doubly now impelled,
Love felt that much remained to be supplied;
Fears undefined his rising hopes repelled,
And all his fancied triumphs still by doubts were quelled.

Hence



PLATE III. NO. 1.



XXVIII.

Hence learn, ye Fair! if haply in your hearts
The first fond impulse of desire arise,
That purest pleasures are not free from snarts.
Ah! grow in time from Love's example wise:
Learn that with Passion's Smiles are mingled Sighs,
That sweetest Roses bear the sharpest Thorn.
Watch then the soft impressions as they rise;
To wisdom's call attend in life's gay morn,
So shall Love's purest joys your cloudless day adorn.

XXIX.

Tired by the conflict which oppressed his mind
Love sought repose. His languid limbs outspread
On soft ætherial couch, he lay reclined:
One hand a little raised his drooping head;
While from the other hung his Arms so dread,
With feeble and half-conscious grasp retained:
But, as approaching Sleep his influence shed,
And o'er his frame relaxed dominion gained,
They fell, and at his feet confusedly remained.

Sweet

XXX.

Sweet are the flumbers of reposing Love.
While softest gales amidst his tresses play,
Sport with his curls, and o'er his forehead rove,
Light fanning Zephyrs grateful homage pay,
Diffusing perfumes round him as he lay:
And far-revolving spheres, in union sweet,
With endless harmony, now grave, now gay,
In wond'rous heavenly Diapason meet,
To lull their Master's soul and his repose to greet.

XXXI.

While thus he lay outstretched in calm repose,
With visions undisturbed his soul was blest;
For from Ambrosial food no fumes arose
To cloud his senses and disturb his rest,
Or the full course of fancy to arrest.
His unincumbered spirit ranging free
Thro' nature's limits made it's ample quest;
O'er all created things it now would flee,
Then with prophetic power unveil futurity.

He

XXXII.

He saw thro' lucid realms of boundless space
 Unnumbered Suns their certain course pursue,
 Fixed by eternal laws their paths to trace,
 For ever devious, yet for ever true;
 While each by strong Attraction's impulse drew
 A countless host of Planets, lending light
 To all in order and proportion due:
 Myriads of Worlds, called by creative might
 From darkness undefined and wide-extended night.

XXXIII.

As o'er the scene sublime his fancy ran,
 His aching senses fought to comprehend
 Of Nature's God the great mysterious plan:
 What power might all these floating orbs suspend;
 What guiding force might on their paths attend
 To check and govern Gravitation's laws.
 Thro' the vast system as his thoughts ascend,
 They trace in all His works th' Eternal Cause,
 Whose Word directs the whole, and to one centre draws.

D

While

XXXIV.

While thus he pondered in devotion lost,
An Angel form, arrayed in purest light,
To his rapt soul appeared. Sublime he crossed
With outspread wing the empyrean height,
And seemed towards him to urge his rapid flight.
Love hailed him as he flew, nor hailed in vain:
Yet, as descended flow the Vision bright,
The dazzling radiance scarce could he sustain.
He felt th' Extreme of Bliss was near allied to Pain.

XXXV.

Approaching now, with well-poised wing outspread
His downward course the Seraph seemed to stay,
And hovered round the spot where Love was laid.
As when the Lark, inspired by morning's ray,
Mounts on fresh wing to meet the new-born day,
Suspended in mid-air, with liquid note
She pours to Nature's God the grateful lay,
With echoing hymns of praise she strains her throat,
While rising gales to heaven the pleasing tribute float.

With

XXXVI.

With flight arrested fo the Scraph hung;
 Nor less delightful to Love's listning ear
 Were the first accents of his tuneful tongue,
 While thus his hallowed words his spirits cheer.
 " Attend, fond Boy! and Heaven's dread purpose hear;
 " Which to disclose, thro' trackless bounds of space
 " Obedient thus my willing course I steer:
 " Attend, while now thy fate's decree I trace;
 " Then rush to destined toils, which triumphs sure shall grace.

XXXVII.

" Born to command and guide the Human Heart,
 " 'Tis thine the great adventure to atchieve,
 " To mortal woes a kindly balm t' impart,
 " And life's harsh pains by transports to relieve.
 " Observant then the high behest receive.
 " Where yon celestial Orbs their courses run,
 " Seven Planets mark, their mingled dance which weave
 " In due progression round their central Sun :
 " Mark well the Fifth of these, there must thy task be done.

XXXVIII.

“ Wake, flumbering Boy! thy new-found Arms prepare;

“ The world invites thee as it's destined King:

“ Thither with certain confidence repair,

“ And rush to victory with fearless wing.”

The Seraph ceased.---His outspread pinions fling

Fresh odours, and appear more dazzling bright,

When, as the air dividing, with a spring

He fought the sacred regions of delight,

Where dwells the Godhead pure, Father of life and light.

XXXIX.

Up started Love.---His deep-puffed cheek

Confessed the influence of his mounting blood,

Which rushing thro' his veins appeared to seek

A course more rapid for it's hastened flood.

Sublime in native majesty he stood,

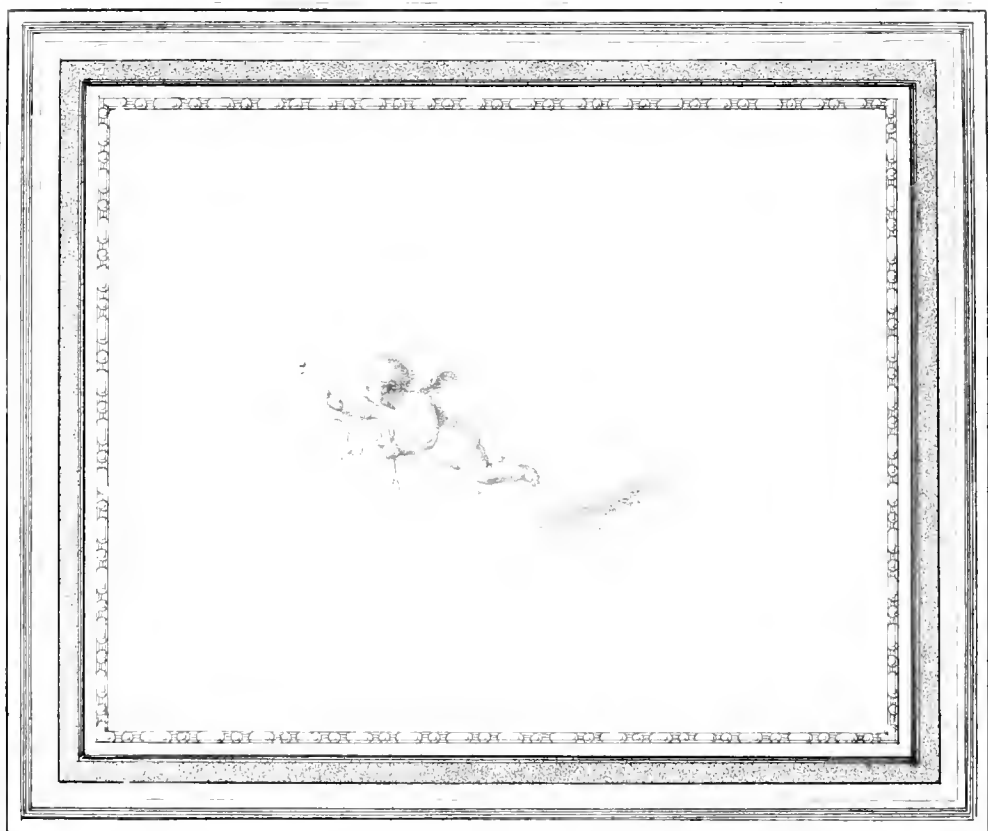
Surveyed his prostrate Arms with conscious pride

And high resolve; no more in pensive mood,

He burned to try what perils might betide

His Enterprize so bold, a new-found World to guide.

As



XL.

As when the youthful Courſer firſt 'gins feel
The inborn virtue of his generous fire,
Nor biting whip he needs nor goading ſteel:
Ambitious energies his boſom fire,
No perils daunt him, and no efforts tire:
He views the diſtant goal with proud diſdain:
Already he foretaſtes with fond deſire
The glorious prize his labours muſt obtain,
The guerdon of his toil and intermediate pain.

XLI.

So felt young Love, ſo beat his panting heart,
Affured of conqueſt, and on fame intent;
With graceful confidence he graſped his dart,
And archly ſmiling his ſtrong bow he bent.
New-cheriſhed hope an unknown vigour lent.
His out-ſpread pinions of celeftial dye,
With tints of varied lovelineſs beſprent
Awhile he ſhook; then mounting ſwift on high,
Exulting rode on air, and ſhot acroſs the ſky.

The

XLII.

The strong impressions of his Dream remain.
Well knows he how his purpose to fulfil,
To urge his course along th' ætherial plain,
And bend his flight obedient to his will.
On his appointed Planet fixing still
His watchful eye, thro' countless worlds he steered,
Transported thus to prove his new-learnt skill.
His little Bark no shoals nor tempests feared,
For yet no lightnings flashed, no thunders loud were heard.

XLIII.

As onward thus thro' heaven's wide fields he flew,
Cutting the yielding air with pinions fleet,
The Guardian Spirits of each Planet knew
Th' immortal Boy, and rushed his course to meet.
Still as he passed, with gratulation sweet
They hailed the stranger, and with heavenly song
They joined the Lord of Harmony to greet.
The ample Chorus, rich, sublime, and strong,
Floats on the gale, and thro' wide space is borne along.

Cheered

XLIV.

Cheered by th' attendant Choir he still advanced :
And now his destined Planet seemed more near.
As o'er it's varying face his eye he glanced,
A rich succession of delights appear.
Scarce can his sense Creation's beauties bear:
For then the World was young; the vigorous Earth,
Rejoiced Spring's universal garb to wear,
To every flower and every fruit gave birth,
And all was Joy and Peace, Security and Mirth.

XLV.

Man was not made---Ungrateful, cruel Man!
'Though formed with powers Creation to enjoy,
To crown the great Creator's sacred plan.
To grace and sanctify the general joy,
Why dost thou still the genial bliss destroy?
Th' appointed Master of all things below,
To cherish, not to spoil, thy force employ!
Ah! let thy heart with soft compassion glow,
Nor reign in fullen state kind Nature's direst foe!

Arrived

XLVI.

Arrived within Earth's atmospheric bound
No more his pinions waved. His course direct
Now first Attraction's sovereign influence found,
And Nature's Law compelled him to respect.
Attraction's dictates ne'er could Love neglect;
For on Attraction's power depends his own:
By that alone enabled to inflect
The course of wandering hearts, his sway is shewn,
His Altars burn, and far translucent shines his Throne.

XLVII.

On Earth's revolving ball intent he gazed,
And hailed with extacy the changeful scene:
Wide-rolling Seas his admiration raised,
While lay extended Continents between,
Arrayed in tints of various brown and green,
Four widely fevered---Europe's temperate clime,
Of arts and sciences the destined queen;
Afric's wild coast, and Asia's stretch sublime,
And vast Columbia's length, concealed till future time.

Still

XLVIII.

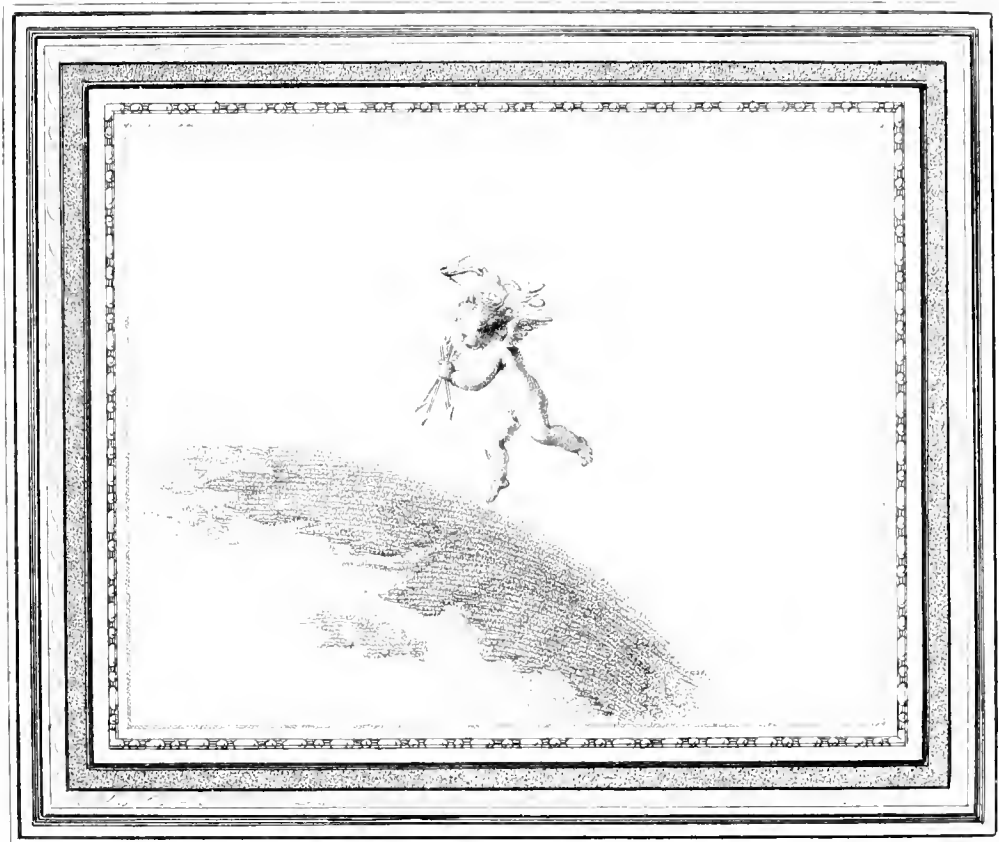
Still more the wond'rous prospect to improve,
In rich disorder lay unnumbered Isles,
O'er which his raptured eyes discursive rove.
The new delight repays his past-gone toils,
And for the moment present hope beguiles.
Whate'er of beauty could his fancy draw,
Adorned with blooming loveliness and smiles
And Nature's prodigality, he saw:
His soul their charms confessed, and bowed with conscious awe.

XLIX.

But soon, amid the widely scattered throng,
A far sequestered Island met his sight,
Against the adverse coast embattled strong,
And fenced with ramparts of portentous height,
Displaying to the sun their dazzling white.
Th' instinctive impulse which his course did guide
Now filled his bosom with a new delight,
Taught him 'twas there his powers must be applied,
And there his banner wave in guiltless conquest's pride.

L.

No more he balanced. To attraction's way
Himself he boldly trusts. Not swifter flies
From heaven to earth the bright meridian ray,
Or shoots the evening meteor thro' the skies
When vapours gross from stagnant marshes rise.
At his approach the lovely scene expands ;
Before him all fair Albion's beauty lies:
On a high cliff with light descent he lands,
And first on Britain's shores the world's great Master stands.



ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

THE
BIRTH AND TRIUMPH
OF
L O V E.

C A N T O II.

I.

HIGH on a cliff, whose threatening brow o'erhung
Stern in majestic solitude the deep,
Young Love exulting flood. The babbling tongue
Of flow-receding waves seemed hushed in sleep,
While gentle cadence they rejoiced to keep
With the mild gale that o'er their surface played.
The mingled concert stole along the sleep,
And, o'er reposing nature as it strayed,
Soothed the last lingering rays while flitting into shade.

II.

The distant hills with brightness fill were crowned,
While thin blue mists across the vallies flew,
Skirting with humid veil the teeming ground,
To meet the tribute of descending dew.
One general calm repose creation knew.
Meantime, flow rising from her watery bed,
The silvered Moon, expanding to his view,
Her sober light on the chaste landscape shed,
And o'er th' enchanting scene her placid radiance spread.

III.

And, scattered thickly o'er the wide expanse,
Their various course pursuing, Orbs of light
Harmonious weave their unconfused dance,
Dart thro' the gloom their coruscations bright,
Heaven's face enrich, and decorate the night.
Their great Creator's mandate they obey,
Declare his wisdom, and proclaim his might,
While, widely ranging thro' their trackless way,
In solemn file they move and orderly array.

Rapt

IV.

Rapt in sublime delight Love wondering gazed,
In all his works confessing Nature's Lord.
As to his throne his grateful thoughts he raised,
The mighty source of Being he adored,
Who from wild Chaos, by his powerful word,
The mass inert with active life endowed.
To Heaven his sympathetic spirit soared,
Felt the full influence whence such blessings flowed,
And lost in speechless extacy submissive bowed.

V.

Now, gliding from her high exalted course,
Her ray oblique the Moon descending cast;
Th' attendant Planets, with diminished force,
Less brightly shone as thro' heaven's field they passed:
And now, soft tinging the horizon vast,
Th' awakening Dawn with modest lustre gleamed;
Now, o'er the eastern hills encroaching fast,
The jocund Day with new-born radiance beamed,
Gilded the laughing plains, and o'er the vallies streamed.

And

VI.

And loon, his golden tresses waving high,
The mounting Sun his dazzling orb unveiled:
From his resplendent chamber thro' the sky
Conscious of proud pre-eminence he failed.
Enraptured Love his genial influence hailed;
And, as from Earth's wide surface odours sweet
Ascending fast his ravished sense regaled,
With ardour yet unfelt his bosom beat
The unknown object of his destined search to meet.

VII.

Nor staid he longer---but with upward spring
And outspread plumes he vaults his course to trace.
Now, borne aloft, he soars on rapid wing,
And views expanded lovely nature's face:
Now, curious to inspect each softer grace,
Hovering he hangs suspended, and surveys
The many-tinted gems which earth enchain
While the gay sun-beam on the dew-drop plays.
Hills, Dales, Woods, Streams unite to sing their Maker's praise.

As

VIII.

As onward he purfued his airy way,
A far-extending Forest he furveyed,
Where interlacing boughs shut out the day,
And mantling formed a clofe impervious fhade;
Save where, amid the brakes, fome opening Glade,
With path circuitous and wildly bending,
A brighter green and livelier tints difplayed;
Now level, rifing now, and now defcending,
From the contrafted gloom now borrowing charms, now lending.

IX.

As when, on ocean's heaving bofom toft,
Hard-driving ftorms the wandering Bark affail,
In vain to reach his diftant long-fought coaft
The anxious Mariner difplays his fail,
And tries to catch the kindly favouring gale,
Unlefs the myftic Magnet oft he tries:
But, felt the powers attractive which avail
His courfe to guide, his fteady vefſel flies,
And foon the welcome Port falutes his longing eyes.

Nor

X.

Nor less supremely potent or less sure
Th' instinctive Monitor that ruled Love's foul;
His wandering course from error to secure,
It still unvarying pointed to it's pole.
When as it's influence o'er his senses stole
Prompting the Forest's deep recess to try,
He bow'd obedient to the strong controul;
Then, quick descending from his station high,
Rushed on, resolv'd to trace what mystery there might lie.

XI.

O'er the enamell'd herbage and rich sod
His light foot bounded: the gay flowret's head
Beneath his footsteps scarcely seemed to nod;
Half-press'd, it rose from his aerial tread,
And round his course its grateful odour shed.
Thro' mingling sweets he sought his devious way;
Aloft, thick waving branches overspread
And canopied his path; now shrouding day,
Now opening to admit the Sun's enlivening ray.



THE LITTLE CHUBB

XII.

As onward tript the inexperienced Boy,
Presumptuous fancies filled his towering thought,
That here at length his arms he might employ,
His new-found arms, from heavenly regions brought.
Though still occasion fit in vain he fought,
Yet, confident of skill, his bow he bent,
Stretched tight the string, and the sharp arrow caught;
Aimed at a branch with whizzing speed it went,
But flitting on one side defeated his intent.

XIII.

Love disappointed blushed with conscious shame;
But, quickly snatching up the erring dart,
He tried again to take a surer aim,
Redeem his fault, and vindicate his art:
Again he suffers disappointment's smart,
For still more wide it's flight the arrow takes.
Vexation rankles in his swelling heart,
Pride mixed with anger in his bosom wakes,
And lost to reason's way his luckless Arms he breaks.

XIV.

On the wide scatter'd fragments with disdain
The wayward Boy his eye indignant glanced:
While o'er his mind imaginations vain
From headstrong folly sprung tumultuous danced,
Passion's unhallow'd touch his soul entranced,
Spreading her murky vapour. Through the glade
Stubborn and unreflecting he advanced;
Yet as with quick and troubled step he strayed,
An oft reverted look his deep distress betrayed.

XV.

And cause he surely had for much concern
And for compunction fore. Unarmed, alone,
Where could the helpless Boy for comfort turn,
Or how repair the mischief he had done?
Too proud as yet his rash offence to own,
In borrowed smiles he cloath'd his discontent;
But vain th' attempt---his gaiety was flown,
Sad recollection poisoned his intent,
And no approving thought its aid consoling lent.

Still



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XVI.

Still did he faddening stray; and now the wood
Disclosed a verdant mead, diverging wide,
Through which, soft rolling its untroubled flood,
A pure pellucid stream rejoiced to glide.
O'er the smooth lawn, with hues enchanting dyed,
Loose scattered trees displayed their various grace,
Waving their high boughs with becoming pride;
While, skirting all the vale, from turfy base
Slow rising hills their bold and craggy outline trace.

XVII.

The mild majestic scene his senses charmed;
And, as he view'd, his inly-labouring breast,
With placid joy and mute devotion warmed,
Regained some portion of its wonted rest.
But conscious shame forbade him to be blest:
Still as his eye the lovely landscape crossed,
Recurring thought his mad offence confessed;
The gladdening scene its fond attraction lost,
And his distracted soul in floods of doubt was tost.

XVIII.

But Beauty, spite of inward woe, will please,
And calm the troubled spirit. Mixed with pain
Such gentle bliss Love felt, such soothing ease,
That his aspiring fancy once again
Beat high with hopes his object to attain:
When sudden crosses his path disporting flew,
Or seemed to fly, along the verdant plain,
An undefined form of sanguine hue,
Which sometimes seemed to court, sometimes to shun his view.

XIX.

It's tapering point now lightly skimmed the ground,
Half-hid beneath the herbage; while above
Its broad unequal surface, smooth and round,
With shadowy wings displayed appeared to rove
Thro' all the varied windings of the grove.
Not far remote a kindred form was fraying,
Of equal power from place to place to move,
Yet for the other's near approach ne'er fraying,
But still in different lines and separate orbits playing.

As



THE END OF THE WORLD

XX.

As when the Sportsman gay at early dawn
The untaught Pointer first essays to try,
Heedless he sweeps the dew-drop from the lawn,
And wakes the morn with loud unmeaning cry;
But when, the Covey's haunt approaching nigh,
The powerful scent his nerve congenial feels,
He stops---he stands with foot extended high,
The instinctive impulse o'er his senses steals,
And all the inborn purpose of his race reveals.

XXI.

Such, and so fervid, was the glad surprise
Of Love, when first the wandering Hearts he viewed.
By Instinct led he claimed them as his prize:
Where'er they flitting moved he quick pursued;
But still their skittish bounds his grasp elude.
'Twas now, when turning round to seize his Bow,
He saw it scattered in confusion rude,
That first he learned Contrition true to know,
To feel how great his loss, how infinite his woe.

Dejected

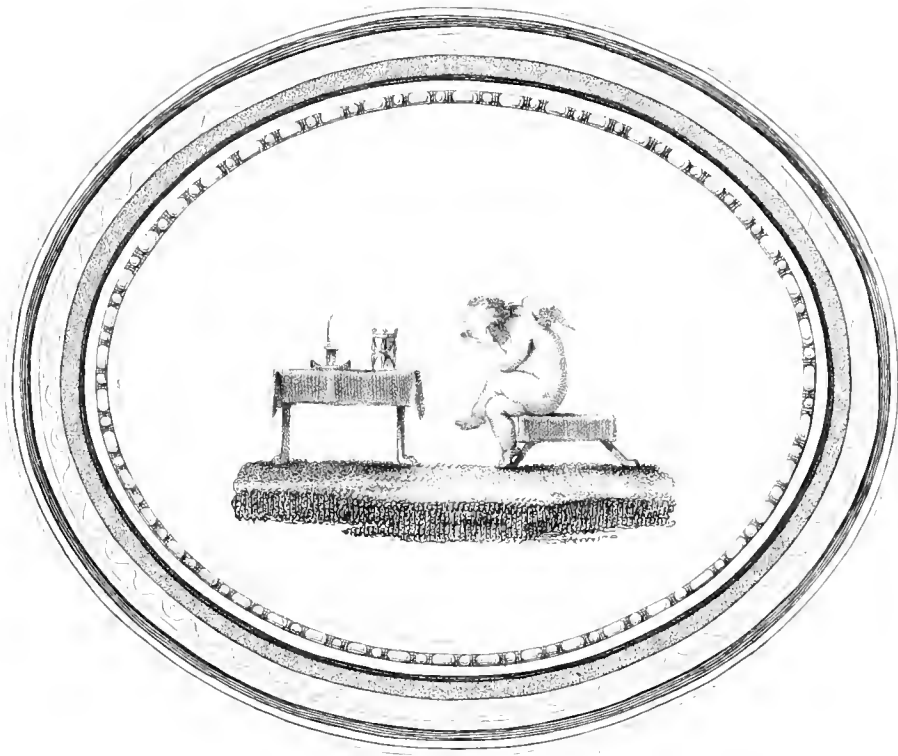
XXII.

Dejected and forlorn to earth he bowed,
Confessed his error and his fault bewailed.
As his full heart the sad ideas crowd,
With either hand his blushing cheeks he veiled;
Then with repentant tears high Heaven assailed,
Invoking meekly the indulgent power,
Who ne'er to aid the truly contrite failed,
Whose hand protects us in Affliction's hour,
When o'er our suffering souls dark threatening tempests lour.

XXIII.

Nor was his prayer for Mercy breathed in vain.
While still in agonizing doubt he stood,
While goaded still by harsh reflection's pain
And sharp remembrance of rejected good
He wept his foolish haste, a brilliant flood
Of heaven-descending splendor cheered his sight:
With holy dread appeared to shake the wood;
A distant thunder rolled; and lightnings bright
Played thro' the unclouded sky and shot their harmless light.

Love



THE CHERUB'S OFFICE

XXIV.

Love stood in transport fixed and silent awe.
He hoped for pardon, and he looked for aid,
When, thro' the trackless fields of air, he saw
Two Dove-like forms, in snow-white plumes arrayed,
Their fanning pinions to the winds displayed,
Towards him their course direct. Approaching nigh
Above his head a circling flight they made:
To earth now wantonly they seemed to fly,
And now with rapid force to court their native sky.

XXV.

But what was Love's delight, his joy how vast,
When, as each winged messenger descended,
When as with chaften'd course he near him passed,
Or quivering hung as if his flight were ended,
To see from each in airy gripe suspended
A Dart and Bow? His eyes new joy expressed,
And spoke the transports which his heart distended;
Extatic dreams his eager fancy blessed
Of triumphs doom'd to grace his high predestined quest.

The

XXVI.

The Doves, now gently sinking to the ground,
In humble guise to Love their homage pay;
And, as with fluttering wing they hover round,
Before his feet his Arms Restored they lay.
With smiles, than opening spring more sweet and gay,
He thank'd the lovely bearers: then with pride
Caught up his Arms. Impatient to assay
Their potent force, his Arrow's point he tried,
And to his yielding Bow the well-stretched Cord applied.

XXVII.

Thus, when by driving storms or foul neglect,
On some concealed rock or unknown sand
The richly laden Ship is nearly wreck'd,
Aghast with fear the mariners all stand;
But if, when righted by the master's hand,
Some friendly Port she chances to attain,
Her wrongs repaired and all her timbers scanned,
Boldly she ventures on her course again,
Spreads her extended sails, and proudly cuts the main.

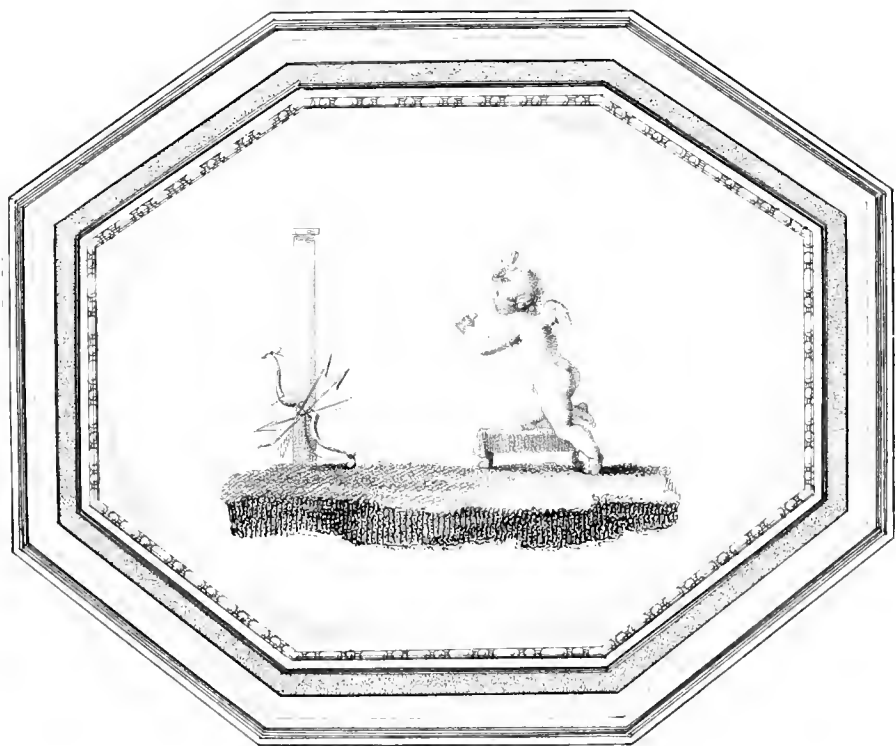
To





THE END OF THE WORLD





XXVIII.

To Heaven his warm thanksgiving duly paid,
For action Love prepared. Ascending high
With rapid pinion, thro' each winding glade,
And o'er the spreading plain he turned his eye,
Searching if there the wandering Hearts might lie.
His doubtful glances long in vain he cast,
Long heaved his bosom with an anxious sigh;
At length, far distant and receding fast,
He spied their flitting forms, as o'er the mead they passed.

XXIX.

Towards them with eager haste his flight he bends,
And fondly hopes to seize his new-found prey;
But when, as near approaching them he tends,
Mocking his toils, the Hearts in wanton play
With still superior swiftness glide away,
As if resolved his purpose to defeat.
But nought avails his fixed pursuit to stay;
Boldly he still expands his pinions fleet,
T' o'erpass their airy course, and stop their coy retreat.

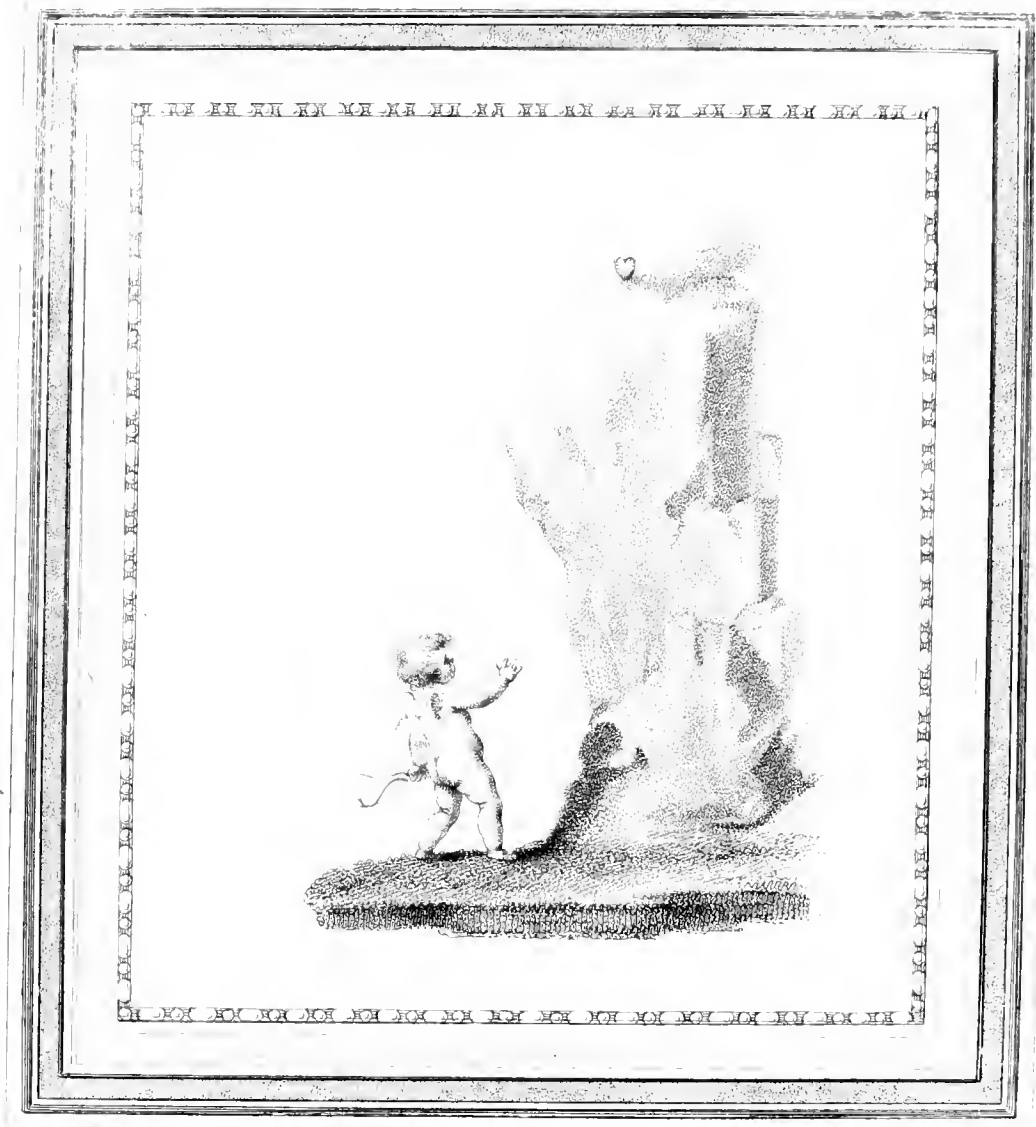
XXX.

Long doubtful was the strife---for many a mile,
O'er hill, o'er dale, the Boy maintains the chace;
Yet still the Hearts his expectation foil:
And, as he urges the uncertain race,
With doubled speed his efforts they disgrace.
But now the chearful Landscape seemed to change:
The long-drawn Vale to rugged Rocks gave place,
Which, scattered wildly with confused range,
From antic base arose with summits bare and strange.

XXXI.

High towering far beyond his wild compeers,
With browner horror cloathed, more rudely bold,
His insulated bulk a Mountain rears,
Proud o'er subjected hills his sway to hold,
In fullen state and domination cold.
This Rock, the Hill of Difficulty hight,
The all-refreshing sun-beam ne'er consoled;
In icy chains and snows eternal dight,
It frowned with savage front and dread stupendous height.

Still



XXXII.

Still more it's state sequestered to secure,
Around it's base far spread Morasses deep
Foul-mantling stagnate. From their source impure
Thick noisome exhalations mount the steep,
And towards it's craggy summit circling creep,
Thro' which each precipice more rueful shewed;
While, from the long-collected vapour, weep
Unceasing showers, washing the drear abode
Where lurk the Adder vile and solitary Toad.

XXXIII.

It was a place where Joy could never beam,
Where never calm Contentedness could dwell;
For all the woes that fancy e'er could dream,
And all the horrors of imagined Hell,
Were here in colours strong depicted well.
The dire contagion tainted wide the air,
Binding the senses in mephitic spell;
Shrouded in which, his engines to prepare
To catch his luckless prey, sat brooding grim Despair.

XXXIV.

When, as intent his object to pursue,
At distance first young Love the Rock surveyed,
Its horrid grandeur his attention drew.
His flight awhile unconsciously he stayed,
While o'er the scene his eye astonished strayed:
But when the deep morafs and vapoury gloom
Emitting fetid steams his sense dismayed,
Appall'd and faint he dropped his ruffled plume,
Unable to proceed, or his fond chace resume.

XXXV.

Not so the vigorous Hearts: their rapid flight
Nor ever-during fog, nor pool profound,
Nor the foul stench which thence arose, could fright.
Uncheck'd by all the prodigies around,
Upward they nimbly rise with wanton bound,
Nor stop they till the summit they achieve.
When his predestined prey escaped Love found,
He 'gan in mute despair his loss to grieve,
While gushing floods of tears his throbbing breast relieve.

Ah

XXXVI.

Ah luckless Boy! how feeble yet thy skill
Thro' all its range thy object to pursue!
How little know'st thou the capricious will
Of coy retiring Beauty to subdue!
Bold, when no obstacles impede thy view,
Abashed, when round thee difficulties start,
Th' hast yet from sufferings, from experience true,
And disappointment harsh, to learn the art
Which crowns our toils with bliss, and melts the stubborn heart.

XXXVII.

The first effusion of his sorrows past,
Love turned again to view the steep ascent.
On the high cliff full many a look he cast,
And towards his prey full many a sigh he sent,
Sighs, which with anguish sharp his bosom rent:
More fully then the mountain to explore,
On every side his careful step he bent;
The anxious search increased his pain yet more,
For all was wild, abrupt, precipitous and hoar.

Again

XXXVIII.

Again to pierce the horrid gloom he tries,
And with aspiring flight his prize to feize.
But wayward fate again success denies:
The exhalations cold his pinions freeze,
And damp enfrouding vapours check the breeze.
As from the noxious pool they mounting roll.
Desponding Love no consolation fees;
No expectations cheer his labouring soul,
No fondly promised joys Despair's approach controul.

XXXIX.

The foul contagion now pervades his heart;
His moody breast dark felon thoughts obscure:
With desperate hand he catches up his dart,
Resolved the racking pain no more to endure.
And now uplifted with intent impure
He held it poised, when, thro' the sky profound,
With rapid wing and destination sure,
A bright seraphic vision fought the ground,
And heavenly sounds were heard, and splendors shone around.

Her





LET'S WITH HOLD.

XL.

Her pinions quivered as to earth she flew;
And, as her outspread garments waved in air,
O'er nature's surface perfumes rich she threw,
Than all Arabia's vaunted stores more rare.
Disporting in the wind her golden hair
Her lovely face now shadowed, now displayed;
And in her hand she bore with feemly care
An Anchor broad, of heavenly substance made,
Whose cord diffusive hung, and with the Zephyr played.

XLI.

'Twas Hope, kind charmer of the troubled mind;
Whose fostering hand the foul oppressed befriends,
From whom the suffering wretch can succour find,
When with his prospects dark she brightness blends.
Towards Love her course the blooming Scraph bends;
With genial smiles she soothes his cares to rest;
And, while in wonder lost he mute attends,
New ardour fills his deeply conscious breast.
Hope joyous saw the effect, and thus the Boy addressed.
“ Whence

XLII.

- “ Whence comes this weaknefs? whence this difcontent?
“ Think’ft thou, rash Boy! thy weapon’s point can harm
“ Thy frame ætherial, that with mad intent
“ Againft thyfelf thy hand thou dar’ft to arm?
“ No more let doubts thy troubled breast alarm.
“ Honour’s bright trophy ne’er can be attained,
“ Ne’er can the foul-transporting plaudits charm
“ For proud achievement won or meed obtained,
“ Unless the guerdon high by previous toil be gained.

XLIII.

- “ And doft thou then in fullen fadnefs droop,
“ ‘Cause adverfe clouds thy livelier profpect fhade?
“ And does thy finking fpirit bafely floop,
“ If thy fond object by mifchance be ftayed?
“ Again let conftancy thy mind pervade:
“ Again prepare thy great attempt to make.
“ From Heaven I come thy purpofe weak to aid.
“ Then ceafe to weep, to manly deeds awake,
“ Refume thy fallen Bow, thy prostrate Arrow take.”

She

XLIV.

She said:---His cheeks with conscious flame suffused,
His voice oppressed and low, the Boy replied:

- “ Ah! spare to chide a spirit self-accused,
“ Which from itself its weakness seeks to hide.
“ Be thou my kind protectress and my guide:
“ I follow wheresoe'er thou lead'st.---But say,
“ How may my pinions, baffled erst, abide
“ The Vapour's force, or cut their eager way
“ Thro' yon oppressive gloom, that veils the face of day?”

XLV.

- “ The Vapour foul,” replied the Seraph bright,
“ Infects 'tis true the craggy mountain's Base,
“ And the thick Gloom which intercepts thy fight
“ O'er the Mid region has usurped a place;
“ But see, beyond, attired in airy grace,
“ Splendid and gay the Rock it's Summit rears.
“ Thro' the thin void its varied beauties trace;
“ Mark how the wanton Hearts deride thy tears,
“ Mock at thy weak despair, and profit by thy fears.

H

“ I see

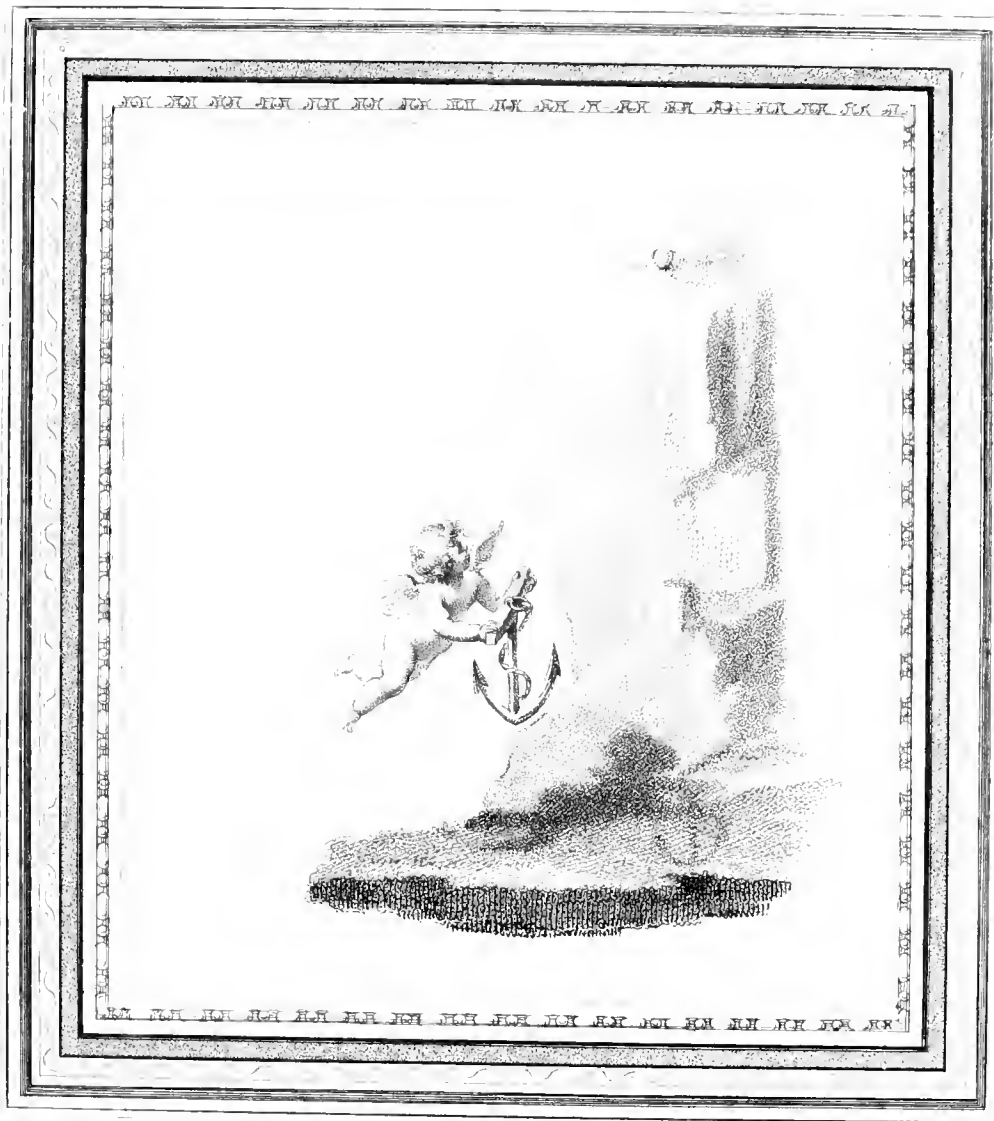
XLVI.

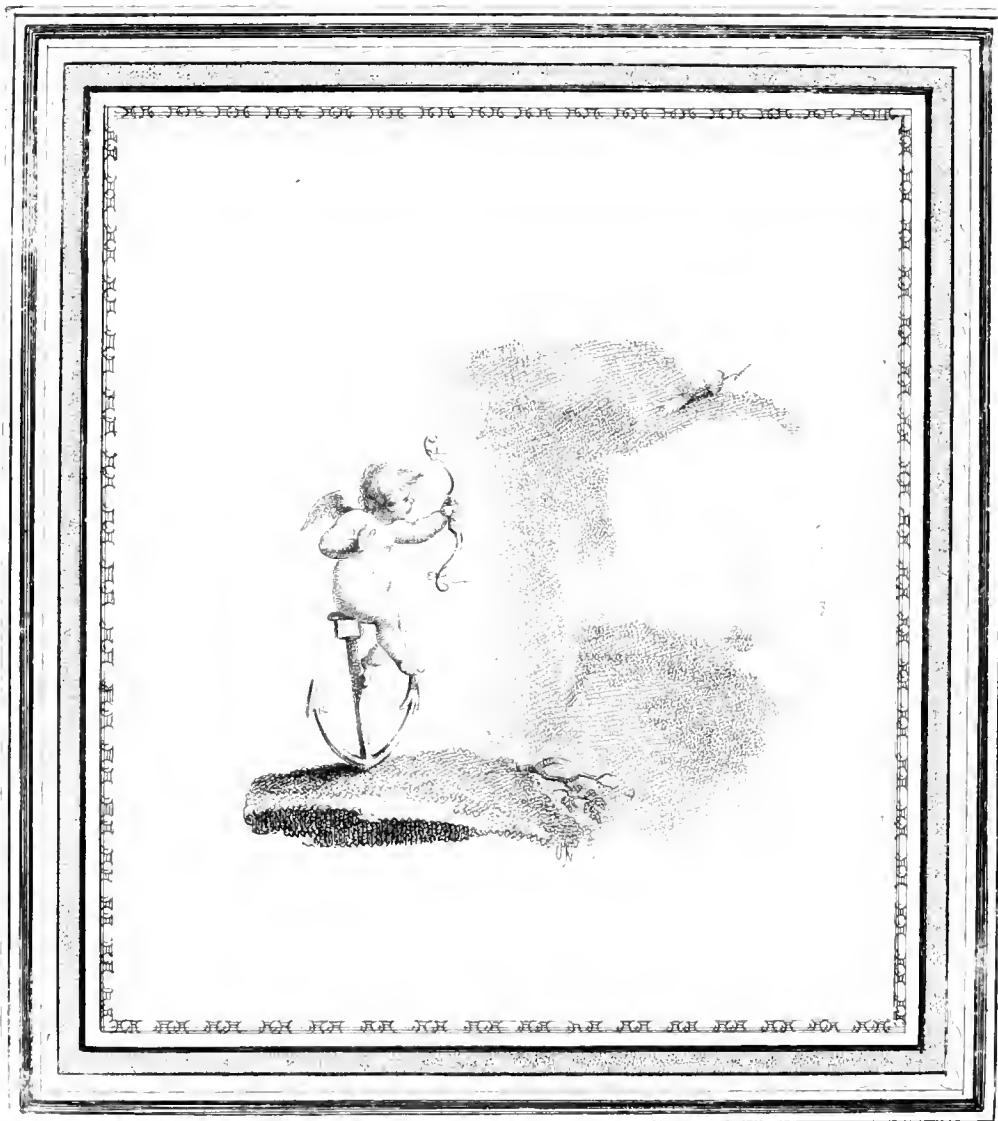
- “ I fee thee burn thine error to retrieve
“ By worthy deeds. Indulge the impulse pure.
“ Celestial Boy! this Anchor firm receive,
“ Of potent force thy wounded mind to cure.
“ 'Tis Perseverance, Hope's attendant sure,
“ Whose well-directed efforts best avail
“ Success in toils and perils to procure.
“ Then boldly mount aloft: Love ne'er can fail,
“ When Perseverance aids, and Hope directs the gale.”

XLVII.

Scarce had she ended, when the raptured Boy
From Hope the mighty boon impatient caught,
Its sovereign influence eager to employ.
And now already his aspiring thought
The proud completion of his labours fought:
Grasping the Anchor fast his plumes he spreads,
And thro' the region with contagion fraught
Intrepid soars: while Hope her radiance sheds,
No circling fog he fears, no gloom oppressive dreads.

When





XLVIII.

When as his drooping wing, with labour spent,
Menaced the purpose of his flight to foil,
Immortal Hope her favouring succour lent,
And cheer'd his doubtful labours with a smile.
Well could her looks benign his pains beguile.
And Perseverance, still intent to rise,
Rejoiced to view his half-accomplished toil,
And with new vigour pointed to his prize.
Love soon surmounts the Gloom, and now thro' Æther flies.

XLIX.

Nor ceased his bold career, 'till to the height
Where stood the vagrant Hearts he mounting rose.
With grateful joy he hailed the auspicious fight:
And now with generous warmth his bosom glows,
As thro' each vein the increasing ardour flows.
“ Kind Hope!” he cried, “ now grant thy succour due;
“ Inspired by thee no fear thy votary knows!”
Nor more.---With graceful force his Bow he drew,
And from the twanging Cord his barbed Arrow flew.

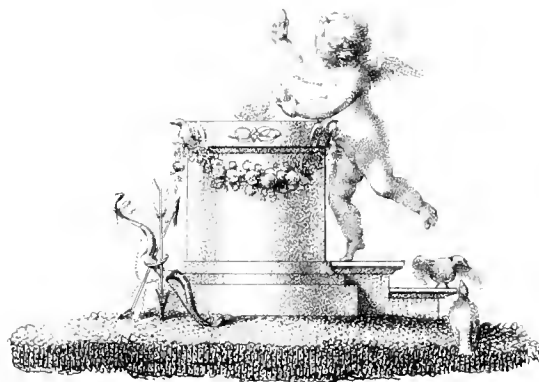
L.

Quick as the glancing lightning went the Dart,
While Love in mute suspense it's course pursued.
But who can tell his joy, when either Heart
At once transfixed his certain prize he viewed?
Vanquished, no more their coy attempts elude
His anxious chace. He holds them as his own.
And now, his thanks sincere to Hope renewed,
For favours great conferred and mercies shewn
His homage due he pays to Heaven's exalted Throne.

LI.

On the broad height, with artless foliage graced,
His ready hand an Altar soon disposed,
On which the captive Hearts he careful placed.
No bloody feasts his sacrifice composed;
But fragrant herbs and incense pure imposed,
With odours sweet impregnating the gales,
The strong devotion of his soul disclosed.
While the propitious rite the smiling hails,
Hope to his raptured eyes futurity unveils.

“ Oh



LII.

“ Oh Cherub! born the Universe to bless,
“ To guide it's laws, and harmonize its course,
“ Revolving ages shall thy power confess,
“ Bow to thy sway supreme, and own the force
“ Of thee, the cause of joy and pleasure's source.
“ Millions of willing slaves thy court shall throng,
“ Unchecked by guilty fear or foul remorse,
“ Midst new delights to boast thy influence strong,
“ And to Eternal Love to raise the grateful Song.

LIII.

“ Yet, tho' where nature holds her simple reign,
“ No power usurping shall thy law confuse,
“ Think not that when, with innovations vain,
“ Society her sway shall introduce,
“ And full-grown Passions shall the world abuse,
“ No adverse toils thy efforts shall obstruct.
“ Then wild Philosophy shall seek t'amuse
“ The enfeebled soul, and confident instruct
“ With Sophisms dark and false, from Hell's deep caverns plucked.
“ Ah

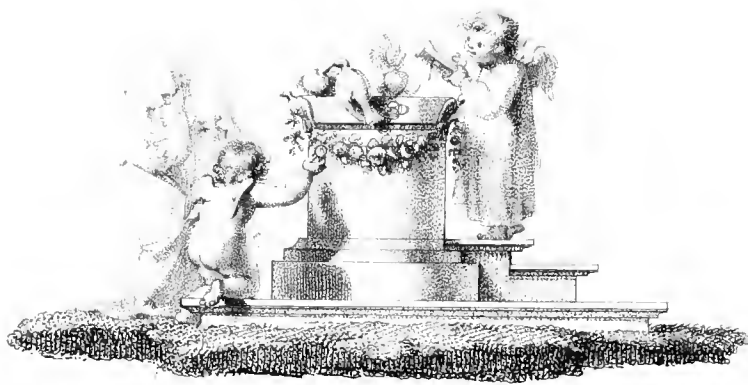
LIV.

- “ Ah lucklefs Man! condemned to countlefs woes,
“ Ah! why infenfate wilt thou quit the joy,
“ The tranquil pleafure, which from virtue flows,
“ In dreams of fancied blifs thy mind t’employ,
“ Which idly flattering court but to deftroy?
“ See---to another Love they Altars raife;
“ And, while around confufedly they toy,
“ On the foul flame with maddening zeal they gaze,
“ And with promifcuous voice the vile Impoftor praife.

LV.

- “ And ftrange fantaftic tricks that Boy fhall play,
“ While to his rule the groveling herds fubmit.
“ Beauty to bleared Deformity fhall pay
“ A deference bafe and homage moft unfit;
“ And to broad-ftaring Folly, Senfe and Wit,
“ Compelled by harfh injunftion, fhall be fold.
“ Well may Content the genial couch then quit,
“ When charms and worth are trucked for fordid gold,
“ And Youth is doomed to freeze in Age’s bofom cold.

“ But



LVI.

- “ But fear not thou---Thy Empire shall endure :
“ And, tho’ the Impostor’s arts may still succeed
“ To extend his impious fway o’er hearts impure,
“ Be thine the task t’ inspire the virtuous deed,
“ To warm the generous breast to gain the meed
“ And the rich trophy which, ere time was known,
“ For high desert the sovereign voice decreed.
“ But chiefly Albion’s realm thy power shall own,
“ There thy dominion plant, there firmly fix thy throne.

LVII.

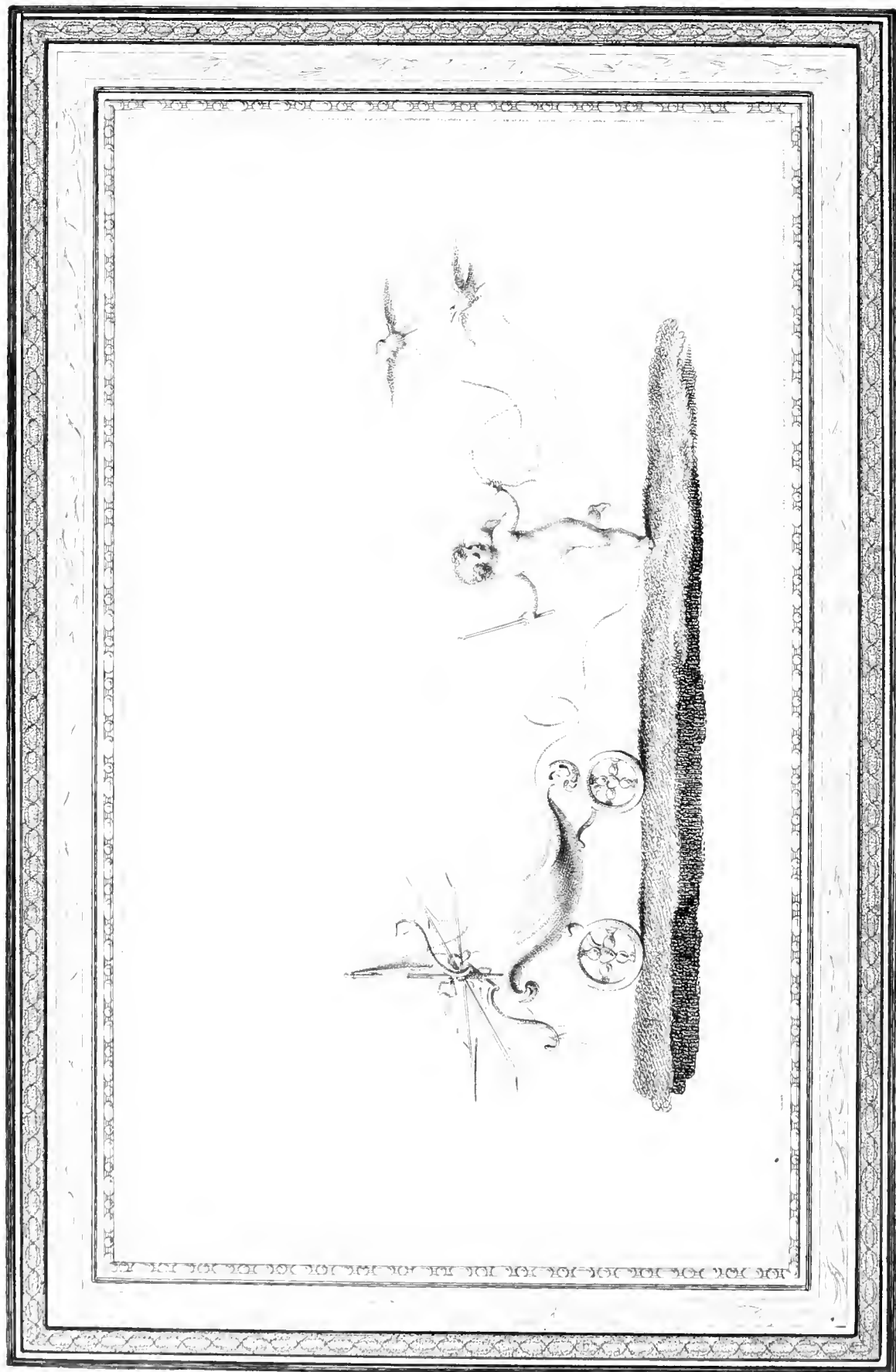
- “ ’Tis there, where Reason’s torch shall brightly flame,
“ And Freedom spread her genial radiance wide
“ To bless her sons with happiness and fame :
“ ’Tis there thou shalt in majesty reside,
“ And o’er the feeling breast supreme preside.
“ There, if Corruption rear her hateful head,
“ From time to time, to check the envenomed tide,
“ Propitious aid thy favouring hand shall shed,
“ And o’er thy loved domain thy cheering influence spread.
“ For

LVIII.

- “ For this with care preserve the Hearts thy prize,
“ Whose conquest well has now repaid thy pain;
“ With them triumphantly to Heaven arise:
“ There to remoter times shall they remain;
“ Till, when thy rival's curfed arts shall gain
“ Ascendance brief, and Vice shall dauntless rove,
“ For Virtue's aid to Britain sent again,
“ On her high Throne examples shall they prove
“ Of pure unblemished faith, of constancy and love.

LIX.

- “ Long shall they flourish, long with gentle sway
“ O'er Britons blest shall last their mild command.
“ Around, their Offspring in superb array,
“ Their country's future hope and pride, shall stand.
“ Of these a lovely Fair, with skilful hand,
“ And touch sublime, thy prowess shall record.
“ When the great subject shall by Her be planned,
“ The world enchanted shall behold it's Lord
“ Pourtrayed with native grace, with all his charms restored.”
Entranced,



PREPARING FOR PRINTING.

LX.

Entranced we heard the Seraph's cheering voice.
 Still hung its found upon his listening ear,
 Still did the vision bright his soul rejoice,
 When, gliding thro' the air serene, appear
 His constant Doves. A Chariot proud they bear,
 Which o'er subjected clouds resplendent rolled,
 Of heavenly substance formed. Approaching near
 It's varied beauties by degrees unfold,
 It's rich pellucid gems and highly polished gold.

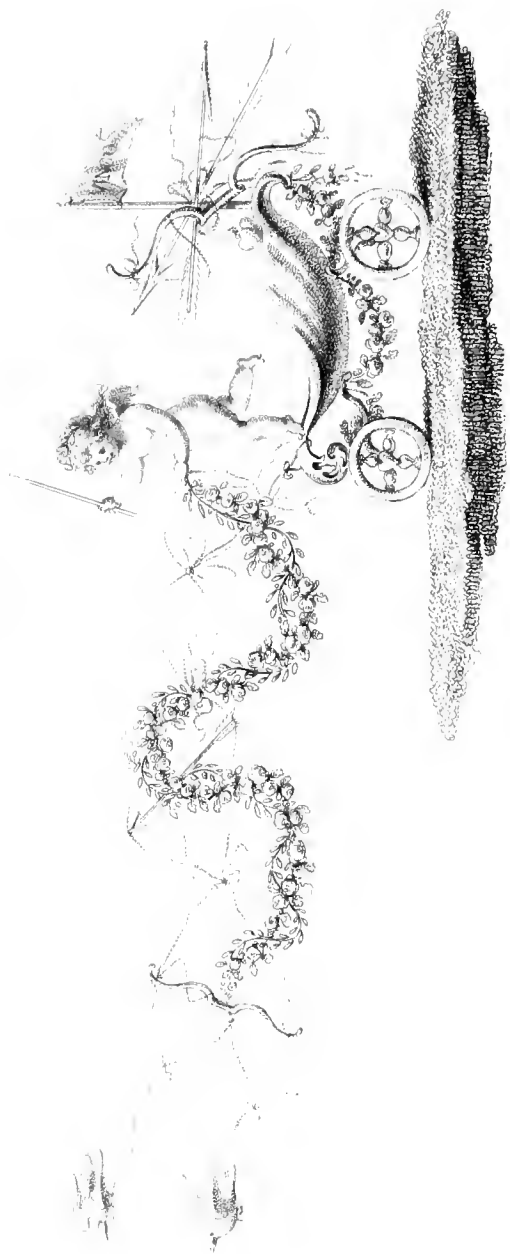
LXI.

As the machine sublime Love viewed afar,
 His throbbing breast with unknown transport beat.
 Up-starting quick, the gay triumphal car
 With pinion wide out-stretched he flew to meet,
 Rejoiced again his faithful Doves to greet.
 Straight piled he up his Arms in trim array,
 And placed his Hearts on the high Chariot's feat:
 Hope smiling spread her wings, and led the way
 To realms of endless bliss and empyrean day.

LXII.

And now victorious Love the World forfook.
Yet, as thro' Æther's fields his courfe he bent,
Towards his loved Planet a departing look,
And an unconfcious figh he fondly fent.
But foon regret gave way to pure content:
For now the gates of Heaven far beaming fhone,
Now thro' Angelic Hofts he joyful went,
His Queft performed, his high Achievement won,
To lay his glorious Prize before th' Eternal Throne.

F I N I S.



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